

Home Circle.

TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of, and sorry for, after the excitement had passed away.

"I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said, "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong doing, to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong, forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over, the more he felt that he ought to say just that.

"It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the word will hear about.—*Eben E. Rexford.*

GOD'S GIFT IN SLEEP.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning never wrote any poem more touching and sweet than that entitled "The Sleep," the first stanza of which reads as follows:

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this:
'He giveth His beloved sleep?'"

The poem is, of course, based on the words of Psalm 127: 2. The more faithful translation of the original, it is urged, would be, He giveth unto his beloved in sleep. Not that sleep itself is not God's gift, but that the teaching of the Psalm is that God gives to his beloved while they sleep. The context seems to confirm this rendering. As found in the Revised Version, it reads as follows: "It is vain for you that ye rise up early, and so late take rest, And eat the bread of toil, For so he

giveth unto his beloved sleep." The marginal note says "in sleep." To a pastoral people that view would be suggestive. Their fields and vineyards were producing while their owners took needed rest. Unless God gives the increase our toiling days and wakeful nights are useless. Since he cares for his people everywhere we may well take rest, committing to his unsleeping eye all that belongs to us.

Why toil with such relentless pain?

Why from thy rest in slumber keep?

The fret and fume are all in vain;

God giveth His beloved in sleep.

The heart that aches full oft were free,

And stayed the tears of eyes that weep,

Could this glad truth accepted be;

God giveth His beloved in sleep.

God cares for all His hand hath made;

E'en sparrows from the boughs that leap;

Then wherefore be of want afraid?

God giveth His beloved in sleep.

Sow thou thy seed, do well thy part,

And thou in God's good time shalt reap;

His people's needs are on His heart;

God giveth His beloved in sleep.

Why should corroding marks of care

O'er noble faces noiseless creep?

This truth should stay the ceaseless wear;

God giveth His beloved in sleep.

Thy varied holdings on the land,

Thy ships upon the restless deep,

Are all controlled by His strong hand,

Who giveth His beloved in sleep.

Ah, lay thee down, till nature's nurse

In dreamless slumber gently steep

Then wake refreshed, His praise rehearse,

Who giveth His beloved in sleep.

—*New York Observer.*

HOW JACK WON HIS PARENTS OVER.

A little boy was very anxious to go to Sunday-school. His parents were very poor, and besides, did not take much interest in Sunday-schools and churches. So his mother told Jack he was too ragged.

"But mother," said Jack, "were all the people dressed in fine clothes when Jesus was on earth? I thought a good many poor people followed him."

The child's words were almost a reproach to the woman, who had had a religious education. She, however, said:

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but how would you like to see dad in church with his jumper and his old muddy boots on?"

Jack thought a moment of the fine people in some of the pews, and how his father would look, and then he said:

"But, mother, why can't dad brush his shoes and you wash his jumper?"

The mother half-laughed, half-sighed.

"Why, Jack," said she, "your dad has not brushed his shoes since he was married. He's forgotten how. But I could wash the jumper."

"Well, said Jack, "that's a bargain. I want to go, and I want my parents to go

with me. I'll brush dad's shoes, and I'll spend that nickel I have upstairs to get blacking—no, I forgot," said he with a troubled reflection, "that was to go in the plate. But I do want you and dad to go so bad."

The poor woman was conquered by the boy's love for home and love for the church.

"Yes, Jack," said she, "we will go. I'll manage dad, no matter how he growls. I'll get that blacking, and there's an old brush somewhere around."

Thus little Jack won his parents back to the love of Christ, and before another year had passed they had professed him before men.—*W. B. Chisholm in New York Observer.*

GIRLS IN INDIA.

All girls in India are very fond of pretty and bright-colored dresses. The dress is simply five yards of muslin. When only three or four years old a little girl begins to learn how to wind it gracefully around the body and over the shoulder. When she goes into the street she slips one end over the head as a veil. A little short-sleeved jacket is the only other garment she wears. This is a very cool and comfortable costume for the hot climate. Every family has a jewel box, full of little "cubby-holes," for each ornament. This is often buried in the mud floor of the woman's inner apartment. If you want to see their jewelry you must make an appointment beforehand, so that they can dig it up. Once in eight days the girls and women wash, comb, and oil their hair, and have it nicely braided. They also take off and brighten the jewelry at this time. They would rather starve than give up their jewelry; they are so fond of it. The poorest people make theirs of tin, brass, lead, glass, sealing wax, and shells.—*Over Sea and Land.*

SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR.

In an iron mine was a little boy whose work it was to open and shut the gates as the carts passed. Sometimes there would be an hour between the carts. It was very tiresome for the little fellow, until one day he found on the road an English history. Then as by magic the time grew short. He read over and over the stories of his kings and queens. He lived in a wonderful new world. Next he borrowed from a kind minister a history of Greece. Soon there was scarcely a story of olden times that the little lad did not know. He did not stay long in the mine. Such a wise man as he grew to be was needed up in the sunlight. It is not well to waste the minutes. Each is like the cell of a beehive; store it with honey.—*Selected.*